

Epilogue.

Here ha's appear'd, though in a severall fashion,
The Threats of Majestie; the strength of passion;
Hopes of an Empire; change of fortunes; All
What can to Theater's of Greatnesse fall;
Proving their weake foundations: who will please
Amongst such severall Sigh's, to censure These
No birth's abortive, nor a bastard-brood
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood)
May warrant by their lones, all just excuses,
And often finde a welcome to the Muses.

F I N I S.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN:

Presented at the Blackfriars
by the Kings Maiesties servants,
with great applause:

Written by the memorable Worthies
of their time;

{ Mr. John Fletcher, and } Gent.
{ Mr. William Shakspeare. }



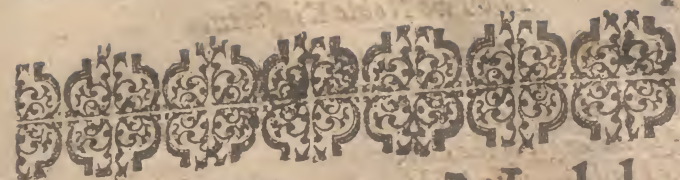
Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Water son:
and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne
in Pauls Church-yard. 1634.

Florish.

PROLOGVE.

New Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,
Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn,
If they stand sound, and well : And a good Play
(Whose modest Sceanes blush on his marriage day,
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir
That after holy Tye, and fir st nights stir
Yet still is Modestie, and still retaines
More of the maid to sight, than Husbands paines ;
We pray our Play may be so ; For I am sure
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a Poet neuer went
More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent.
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
There constant to Eternity it lives ;
If we let fall the Noblenesse of this,
And the first sound this child heare, be a hisse,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, O fan
From me the witles chaffe of such a wrighter (lighter
That blastes my Bayes, and my fam'd workes makes
Then Robin Hood ? This is the feare we bring ;
For to say Truth, it were an endlesse thing,
And too ambitious to aspire to him ;
Weake as we are, and almost breathlesse swim
In this deepe water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall take about,
And something doe to save us : You shall heare
Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare
Worth two houres travell. To his bones sweet sleepe :
Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,
A little dull time from us, we perceave
Our losses fall so thicke, we must needs leave.

Florish.



The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Actus Primus.

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning : a Boy, in a white
Robe before singing, and strewing Flowres : After Hymen,
a Nymph, encompast in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Gar-
land. Then Theseus betweene two other Nymphs with
wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then Hipolita the Bride,
lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her
head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia hol-
ding up her Traine.

The Song,

Musica.

Does their sharpe spines being gon,
Not royall in their smells alone,
But in their hew.

Maiden Pinches, of odour faine,
Dazies smel-lesse, yet most quaint
And sweet Time true.

Prim-rose first borne, child of Ver,
Merry Spring times Herbinger,
With her bels dimme.
Oxlips, in their Cradles growing,
Mary-golds, on death beds blowing,
Larkes-heeles trymme.

B

AR

All deere natures children: sweete-
 Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feste
 Blessing their sence.
 Not an angle of the aire,
 Bird melodious, or bird faire,
 Is absent hence.

Strew
 Flowers.

The Crow, the staunderous Cuckoe, nor
 The boding Raven, nor Clough hee
 Nor chattering Pie,
 May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring
 But from it fly.

Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailes staine, with impe-
 riall Crownes. The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of
 Theseus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolita. The
 3. before Emilia.

1. Qu. For pitties sake and true gentilities,
 Heare, and respect me.

2. Qu. For your Mothers sake,
 And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,
 Heare and respect me,

3. Qu. Now for the love of him whom Iove hath markd
 The honour of your Bed, and for the sake
 Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
 For us, and our distresses: This good deede
 Shall raze you out o' th Booke of Trespases
 All you are set downe there.

Theseus. Sad Lady life.

Hypol. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.

What woman I may steed that is distress,
 Does bind me to her.

These. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1. Qu. We are 3. Queenes, whose Soveraignes fel before
 The wrath of cruell Creon; who endured
 The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Knights,

And

And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle feilds of Thebes.
 He will not suffer us to burne their bones,
 To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence
 Of mortall loathsomenes from the blest eye
 Of holy Phœbus, but infects the windes
 With stench of our slaine Lords. O pittie Duke,
 Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword
 That does good turnes to th world; give us the Bones
 Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them;
 And of thy boundles goodnes take some note
 That for our crowned heades we have no roose,
 Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,
 And vault to every thing.

These. Pray you kneele not,
 I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd
 Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes
 Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting
 As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for'em;
 King Capaneus, was your Lord the day
 That he should marry you, at such a season;
 As now it is with me, I met your Groome,
 By Mars's Altar, you were that time faire;
 Not Iunos Mantle fairer then your Tresses,
 Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
 Was then nor threas'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you
 Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles: Hercules our kinsman
 (Then weaker than your cies) laide by his Club,
 He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide
 And swore his sinews thaw'd: O greife, and time,
 Fearefull consumers, you will all devoure.

1. Qu. O I hope some God,
 Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
 Whereto heel infuse powre, and presse you forth
 Our undertaker.

These. O no knees, none Widdow,
 Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use them,
 And pray for me your Souldier.
 Troubled I am.

(Turnes away.)

2. Qu.

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2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'st slaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong
As it is white, wast neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe
That equally canst poize sternenes with pittie,
Whom now I know hast much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glasce of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,
Vnder the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he it's blood cizd field, lay swolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, say no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your distresse: Let him consider?
He speake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme
Is prest with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

The Two Noble Kinsmen. 5

Like wrinckled peobles in a glasse streame
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)
He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth
Must know the Center too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me:
Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you say nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feele, nor see the raine being in't,
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground-peece of some Painter, I would buy you
T'instruct me gainst a Capitall greefe indeed
Such heart peirc'd demonstration; but alas
Being a naturall Sister of our Sex

Your sorrow beates so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter reflect gainst
My Brothers heart, and warme it to some pittie
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort.
Thes. Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a lot
O'th sacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
Will long last, and be more costly then,
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more.
Then others laboured medittance: your premeditating
More then their actions: But oh love, your actions
Soone as they mooves as Asprays doe the fish,
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere Duke thinke
What beds our slaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds
That our deere Lords have none.

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dead:
Those that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, haue to themselves
Beene deathes most horrid Agents, humane grace
Affords them dust and shaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

B 3

Lie

6 *The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Ly bliftring fore the visitating Sunne,
And were good Kings, when living.

Thef. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:

The which to doe, must make some worke with *Creon*;
1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it selfe to'th doing;
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow.

Then, booteles toyle must recompence it selfe,
With it's owne sweat; Now he's secure,
Not dreames, we stand before your puissance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition cleere.

2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,
Drunke with his victory.

3. *Qu.* And his Army full
Of Bread, and sloth.

Thef. *Artesius* that best knowest
How to draw out fit to this enterprife,
The prim'ft for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a businesse, forth and levy
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deede
Of Fate in wedlocke.

1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay
Commends us to a faniishing hope.

All. Farewell.

2. *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could greese
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'time
For best sollicitation.

Thef. Why good Ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater then any was; it more imports me
Then all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Armes
Able to locke *Iove* from a Synod, shall

By

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By warranting Moone-light corslet thee, oh when
Her twynning Cherries shall their sweetnes fall
Vpon thy tastefull lips, what wilt thou thinke
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care
For what thou feelst not? what thou feelst being able
To make *Mars* spurne his Drom. O if thou couch
But one night with her, every howre in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more, then what
That Banket bids thee too.

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a Suitour; yet I thinke
Did I not by th'abstaying of my joy
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should plucke
All Ladies scandall on me. Therefore Sir
As I shall here make tryall of my prayres,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dombe,
Prorogue this busines, we are going about, and hang
Your Sheld afore your Heart, about that necke
Which is my ffee, and which I freely lend
To doe these poore Queenes service.

All Queens. Oh helpe now
Our Cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not
My Sister her petition in that force,
With that Celerity, and nature which
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare
To aske you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a Husband.

Thef. Pray stand up.
I am entreating of my selfe to doe
That which you k neele to have me; *Pyritihou*
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods
For successe, and retorne, omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration: Queenes

Follow

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
 And at the bankes of Anly meete us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
 The moytie of a number, for a busines,
 More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste
 I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,
 Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
 For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
 Farewell my beauteous Sister: *Pyrithous*
 Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.

Pirithous. Sir

Ile follow you at heeles; The Feasts solempnity
 Shall want till your returne.

Thes. Cosen I charge you

Bouge not from Athens; We shall be returning
 Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
 Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th

2. *Qu.* And earnst a Deity equal with Mars, (world)

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for

Thou being but mortall makest affections bend
 To Godlike honours; they themselves some say
 Grone under such a Masstry.

Thes. As we are men

Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude
 We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Flourish.*
 Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Deere Palamon, deerer in love then Blood
 And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
 Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
 Sully our glosse of youth,
 And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
 As in Incontinence; for not to swim
 I'th aide o'th Current, were almost to sincke.

At

At least to frustrate striving, and to follow
 The common Streame, twold bring us to an Edy
 Where we should turne or drowne; if labour through,
 Our gaine but life, and weakenes.

Pal. Your advice

Is cride up with example: what strange ruins
 Since first we went to Schoole, may we perceive
 Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes
 The gaine o'th Martialist, who did propound
 To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,
 Which though he won, he had not, and now flurled
 By peace for whom he fought, who then shall offer
 To *Mars* so scornd *Altar*? I doe bleede
 When such I meete, and wish great *Inno* would
 Resume her ancient fit of *Ielouzie*
 To get the Soldier worke, that peace might purge
 For her replction, and retaine anew
 Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher
 Then strife, or war could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?

Meete you no ruine, but the Soldier in
 The Cranckes, and turnes of Thebs? you did begin
 As if you met decays of many kindes:
 Perceive you none, that doe arouse your pittie
 But th'un-considerd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pittie

Decays where ere I finde them, but such most
 That sweating in an honourable Toyle
 Are paid with yce to coole 'em.

Arcite. Tis not this

I did begin to speake of: This is vertue
 Of no respect in Thebs, I spake of Thebs
 How dangerous if we will keepe our Honours,
 It is for our resyding, where every evill
 Hath a good cullor; where eve'ry seeming good's
 A certaine evill, where not to be ev'u lumps,
 As they are, here were to be strangers, and
 Such things to be meere Monsters.

C

Pal.

Pal. Tis in our power,
 (Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
 Be Masters of our manners: what neede I
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
 Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
 Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; say'd too,
 Speaking it truly; why am I bound
 By any generous bond to follow him
 Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill
 The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,
 Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him
 My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iust
 To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is there
 That does command my Rapier from my hip
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
 Before the streete be foule? Either I am
 The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none
 That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore sleight sores,
 Neede not a plantin; That which rips my bosome
 Almost to'th heart's,

Arcite. Our Vncle Creon.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured
 Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts
 Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
 Voluble chance, who onely attributes
 The faculties of other Instruments
 To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men service,
 And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
 That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt
 From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
 Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Cleere spirited Cozen
 Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
 Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will

Will relish of the pasture, and we must
 Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen
 In blood, unlesse in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

I thinke the Ecchoes of his shames have dea'ft
 The eares of heav'nly Iustice: widdows cryes
 Descend againe into their throates, and have not: *Enter Val-*
 Due audience of the Gods: *Valerius* *(lerius.)*

Val. The King calls for you; yet be leaden footed
 Till his great rage be off him. *Phobus* when
 He broke his whipstocke and exclaimd against
 The Horses of the Sun, but whisp'd too
 The lowdenesse of his Fury.

Pal. Small windes shake him,

But whats the matter?

Val. *Thesem* (who where he threat's appals,) hath sent
 Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
 Ruine to Thebs, who is at hand to seale
 The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach;

But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not
 A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man
 Thirds his owne worth (the case is each of ours)
 When that his actions dregd, with minde assur'd
 Tis bad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreasond.

Our services stand now for Thebs, not Creon,
 Yet to be neutrall to him, were dishonour;
 Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
 With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
 Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must;

Ist sed this warres afoote for it shall be
 On faile of some condition.

Val. Tis in motion

The intelligence of state came in the instant.
 With the deser,

C 2

Pal.

Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,
Rather laide out for purchase: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th stroke doe damage?

Arct. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our selves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance.

Exeunt.

Scena 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hippolita, Emilia.*

Pir. No further.

Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wishes
To our great Lord, of whose succes I dare not
Make any timorous question, yet I wish him
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dare ill-dealing fortune; speede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouvernours.

Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needs not my poore drops, yet they
Must yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Those best affections, that the heavens infuse
In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.

Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whose speede
The great Bellona ile sollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes understood: Ile offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes; our hearts
Are in his Army, in his Tent.

Hip. In'sbosome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to sea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

That have sod their Infants in (and after eate them)
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if
You stay to see of us such Spinesters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you
As I pursue this war, which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.

Exit Pir.

Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; since his depart, his sportes
Though craving seriousnes, and skill, past slightly
His careles execution, where nor gaine
Made him regard, or losse consider, but
Playing ore busines in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his minde, nurse equall
To these so differing Twyns; have you observ'd him,
Since our great Lord departed?

Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they two have Cabind
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,
Perill and want contending, they have skift
Torrents whose roring tyranny and power
Ithleast of these was dreadfull, and they have
Fought out together, where Deaths-selfe was lodgd,
Yet fate hath brought them off: Their knot of love
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deepe a cunning
May be out worne, never undone, I thinke
Theseus cannot be unpire to himselfe
Cleaving his conscience into twaine, and doing
Each side like Iustice, which he loves best.

Emil. Doubtlesse
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you: I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow;
You were at wars, when she the grave enrichd,
Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th Moone
(which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
Was each a eleven.

C 3

Hip.

Hip. Twas *Flavia*.

Emil. Yes

2. Hearses ready with Palamon and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theseus and his Lordes ready.

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seasond,
More buckled with strong Iudgement, and their needes
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled rootes of love, but I
And shee (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect
Rare issues by their operance; our soules
Did so to one another; what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd
No more arraignment, the flowre that I would plucke
And put betweene my breasts, oh (then but beginning
To swell about the blossome) she would long
Till shee had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phoenix* like
They dide in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed
For my most serious decking, had mine eare
Stolne some new aire, or at adventure humd on
From misicall Coynadge; why it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourne (rather dwell on)
And sing it in her slumbers; This rehearsefall
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importunents bastard, has this end,
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
More then in sex individuall.

Hip. Yare ont of breath
And this high speeded-pace, is but to say
That you shall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)
Love any that's call'd Man.

Emil. I am sure I shall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Sister,
I must no more beleeve thee in this point
(Though, in't I know thou dost beleve thy selfe.)

Then

Then I will trust a sickely appetite,
That loathes even as it longs, but sure my Sister
If I were ripe for your perswasion, you
Have saide enough to shake me from the Arme
Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes,
I will now in, and kneele with great assurance,
That we, more then his *Pirithous*, possesse
The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not against your faith,
Yet I continew mine.

Exeunt.

Cornets.

Scena 4. A Battaille strooke with him: Then a Retrait: Florish.
Then Enter *Theseus* (victor) the three Queenes meete
him, and fall on their faces before him.

1. Qu. To thee no starre be darke.

2. Qu. Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever.

3. Qu. All the good that may
Be wishd upon thy head, I cry Amen too't. (yens
Thes. Th' imparciall Gods, who from the mounted hea-
View us their mortall Heard, behold who erre,
And in their time chastice: goe and finde out
The bones of your dead Lords, and honour them
With treble Ceremonie, rather then a gap
Should be in their deere rights, we would suppl't it.
But those we will depute, which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our hast does leave imperfect; So adiew
And heavens good eyes looke on you. what are those?

Exeunt Queenes.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judgd
By their appointment; Some of Thebes have told's
They are Sisters children, Nephewes to the King.

Thes. By'th Helme of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a paire of Lions, smeard with prey,
Make lanes in troopes agast. I fixt my note
Constantly on them; for they were a marke

Worth

Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?

Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arcite and Palamon,

Thes. Tis right, those, those
They are not dead?

Her. Nor in a state of life, had they bin taken
When their last hurts were given, twas possible
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe
And haue the name of men.

Thes. Then like men use'em
The very lees of such (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others. all our Surgions
Conuent in their behoofe, our richest balmes
Rather then niggard wait, their lives concerne us,
Much more then Thebes is worth, rather then haue 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thousand fold, we had rather haue 'em
Prisoners to us, then death; Beare 'em speedily
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and minister
What man to man may doe for our sake more,
Since I haue knowne frights, fury, friends, behestes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too
Without some imposition, sicknes in will
Or wrastling strength in reason, for our Love
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our best,
Their best skill tender. Leade into the Citty,
Where hauing bound things scatterd, we will post *Florist.*
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*

*Scæna 5. Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their
Knights, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

*Vrnes, and odours, bring away,
Vapours, sighes, darken the day;*

Our

Our dole more deadly lookes than dying
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy cheeres,
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.

Come all sad, and solempne Showes,
That are quick-eyed pleasures foes;
We conuent nought else but woes. *We conuent, &c.*

3. Qu. This funeral path, brings to your households graves
Joy ceaze on you againe: peace sleepe with him.

2. Qu. And this to yours.

1. Qu. Yours this way: Heavens lend
A thousand differing waies, to one sure end.

3. Qu. This world's a Citty full of straying Streeteres,
And Death's the market place, where each one meetes.
Exeunt severally.

Actus Secundus.

Scæna I. Enter Iailor, and Wooer.

Iailor. I may depart with little, while I live, some thing I
May cast to you, not much: Alas the Prison I
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they seldome
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number
Of Minnowes: I am given out to be better lyn'd
Then it can appeare, to me report is a true
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what
it will) I will assure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.

Wooer. Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer,
And I will estate your Daughter in what I
Have promised,

D

Iailor.

Iailor. Wel, we will talke more of this, when the solemnity
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that shall be seene, I tender my consent.

Wooc. I have Sir; here shee comes.

Iailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old busines: But no more of that.
Now, so soone as the Court hurly is over, we will
Have an end of it: I th meane time looke tenderly
To the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

Daug. These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they
Are in prison, and twer pittie they should be our: I
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adversity
Asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.

Iailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men.

Daug. By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em, they
Stand a greife above the reach of report. *(does)*

Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only

Daug. Nay most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I
Mervail how they would have lookd had they beene
Victors, that wish such a constant Nobility, enforce
A freedome out of Bondage, making misery their
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jest at.

Iailor. Doe they so?

Daug. It seemes to me they have no more sence of their
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate
Well, looke merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their owne restraint, and disasters:
Yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrd as twer
I th deliverance, will breake from one of them.
When the other presently gives it so sweete a rebuke,
That I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid,
Or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

Wooc. I never saw 'em.

Iailor. The Duke himselfe came privately in the night,

Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I

Know

Know not: Looke yonder they are; that's

Arcite lookes out.

Daug. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the
Lower of the twaine; you may perceive a part
Of him.

Iai. Goe too, leave your pointing; they would not
Make us their object; out of their sight.

Daug. It is a holliday to looke on them: Lord, the
Diffrence of men. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.*

Pal. How doe you Noble Cosen?

Arcite. How doe you Sir?

Pal. Why strong inough to laugh at misery,
And beare the chance of warge yet, we are prisoners
I feare for ever Cosen.

Arcite. I beleeve it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laide up my houre to come.

Pal. Oh Cosen *Arcite*,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble Country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youthes strive for the Games of honour
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)
Like tall Ships under saile: then start amongst 'em
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behinde us,
Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*;
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg
Out-strip the peoples praises, won the Garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O never
Shall we two exercise, like Twyns of honour,
Our Armes againe, and feele our fyry horses
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now
(Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r were)
Bravishd our sides, like age must run to rust,
And decke the Temples of those gods that hate us,

D 2

These

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning
To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No *Palamon*,

These hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes must wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde us,
And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The sweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids
Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us,
No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-eyd Maides, shall weepe our Banishments,
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune
Till shee for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That shooke the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,
No more now must we halloo, no more shake
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilst the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-steeld Darts: All valiant uses,
(The soode, and nourishment of noble mindes,)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die
(which is the curse of honour) lastly,
Children of greife, and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet *Cosen*,

Even from the bottom of these miseries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rysing, two meere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here abraye patience,

And

And the enjoying of our greefes together:
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish
If I thinke this our prison.

Pal. Certainly,

'Tis a maine goodnes *Cosen*, that our fortunes
Were twyn'd together; tis most true, two sou'es
Put in two noble Bodies, let'em suffer
The gaul of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sincke, they must not, say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle *Cosen*?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison, holy sanctuary,
To keepe us from corruption of worse men,
We are young and yet desire the waies of honour,
That liberty and common Conversation
The poyson of pure spirits; might like women
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere being thus together,
We are an endles mine to one another;
We are one anothers wife, ever begetting
New birthes of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance,
We are in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine: This place
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppressour
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits seeke us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or busines,
Quarrels consume us, Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken *Cosen*,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or praies to the gods; a thousand chaunces
Were we from hence, would sever us.

D 3

Pal.

Pal. You have made me
 (I thanke you *Cosen Arcite*) almost wanton
 With my Captivity: what a misery
 It is to live abroade? and every where:
 Tis like a Beast me thinkes: I finde the Court here,
 I am sure a more content, and all those pleasures
 That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
 I see through now, and am sufficient
 To tell the world, tis but a gaudy shaddow,
 That old Time, as he passes by takes with him,
 What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
 Where sin is Iustice, lust, and ignorance,
 The vertues of the great ones: *Cosen Arcite*,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us
 We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
 And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curses,
 Shall I say more?

Arc. I would heare you still.

Pal. Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
 Better then we doe *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I doe not thinke it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deathes it cannot

Enter Emilia and her woman.

And after death our spirits shall be led
 To those that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
 This garden has a world of pleasures in't.

Emil. What Flowre is this?

Wom. Tis calld Narcissus Madam.

Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
 To love himselfe, were there not maides enough?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one so faire.

Emil. Thou wouldst not.

Wom.

Wom. I thinke I should not, Madam.

Emil. That's a good wench:
 But take heede to your kindnes though.

Wom. Why Madam?

Emil. Men are mad things.

Arcite. Will ye goe forward *Cosen*?

Emil. Canst not thou work: such flowers in filke wench?

Wom. Yes.

Emil. Ile have a gowne full of 'em and of these,
 This is a pretty colour, wilt not doe
 Rarely upon a Skirt wench?

Wom. Deinty Madam.

Arc. *Cosen, Cosen*, how doe you Sir? Why *Palaman*?

Pal. Never till now I was in prison *Arcite*.

Arc. Why whats the matter Man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder.

By heaven thee is a Goddesse.

Arcite. Ha.

Pal. Doe reverence:

She is a Goddesse *Arcite*.

Emil. Of all Flowres,

Me thinkes a Rose is best.

Wom. Why gentle Madam?

Emil. It is the very Embleme of a Maide:

For when the west wind courts her gently
 How modestly she blowes, and paints the Sun,
 With her chaste blushes? When the North comes neere her,
 Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity
 Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,
 And leaves him to base briers.

Wom. Yet good Madam,
 Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
 She fals for't: a Mayde
 If shee have any honour, would be loth
 To take example by her.

Emil. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She is wondrous faire.

Pal. She is all the beauty extant.

Emil.

Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep these flowers;
Weele see how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.

Wom. I could lie downe I am sure.

Emil. And take one with you?

Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,

Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?

Arc. Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes a matchles beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himselfe and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Besheew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Be fore my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not as you doe; to worship her;
As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddess;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all.

Who shall deny me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that tooke possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties
In her reveald to mankind: if thou lou'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I disclaime

If thou once thinke upon her.

Arc. Yes I love her,

And if the lives of all my name lay on it,

I must doe so, I love her with my soule,

If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*,

I say againe, I love, and in loving her maintaine

I am as worthy, and as free a lover

And have as just a title to her beauty

As any *Palamon* or any living

That is a mans Sonne.

Pal. Have I cald thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so; why are you mov'd thus?

Let me deale coldly with you, am not I

Part of you blood, part of your soule? you have told me

That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,

Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend shall suffer?

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you deale so cunningly,

So strangely, so vnlike a noble kinsman

To love alone? speake truely, doe you thinke me

Vnworthy of her sight?

Pal. No, but unjust,

If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because an other

First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still

And let mine honour downe, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one

Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,

And use thy freedome: els if thou pursuest her,

Be as that cursed man that hates his Country,

A branded villaine.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concernes me,

E

And

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.

Arc. Fic Sir.

You play the Childe extreamely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

Pal. O that now, that now
Thy false-selfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graspe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurse;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soule, Ile nail thy life too't.

Arc. Thou dar'st not foole, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out, Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I see her next.

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I shall live
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen.

Pal. Now honest keeper?

Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to'th Duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready keeper.

Keeper. Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your faire Cosens Company.

Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falsehood,
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so faire;
Let honest men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but see this faire One: Blessed Garden,
And fruite, and flowers more blessed that still blossom
As her bright eies shine on ye. would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;
How I would spread, and fling my wanton armes
In at her window; I would bring her fruite
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
And if she be not heavenly I would make her
So neere the Gods in nature, they should feare her.

Enter Keeper.

And then I am sure she would love me: how now keeper
Wher's *Arcite*?

Keeper. Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtained his liberty; but never more
Vpon his oath and life must he set foote
Vpon this Kingdome.

Pal. Hees a blessed man,
He shall see Thebes againe, and call to Armes
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himselfe a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Feild to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he beare himselfe to win her
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand waies.
Were I at liberty, I would doe things
Of such a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,
This blushing virgine should take manhood to her
And seeke to ravish me.

Keeper. My Lord for you
I have this charge too.

Pal. To discharge my life.

Keep. No, but from this place to remoove your Lordship,
The windowes are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em

That are so envious to me; pre'thee kill me.

Keep. And hang for't afterward.

Pal. By this good light
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

Keep. Why my Lord?

Pal. Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.

Keep. Indeepe you must my Lord.

Pal. May I see the garden?

Keep. Noe.

Pal. Then I am resolud, I will not goe.

Keep. I must constrain you then; and for you are danger
He clap more yrons on you.

Pal. Doe good keeper.

He shake'em so, ye shall not sleepe,

He make ye a new Morrice, must I goe?

Keep. There is no remedy.

Pal. Farewell kinde window.

May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.

Scena 3. Enter Arcite.

Arcite. Banishd the kingdome? tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thanke'em for, but banishd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a studdied punishment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never plucke upon me, *Palamon*;
Thou ha'st the Start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall:
Good gods? what happines has *Palamon*?
Twenty to one, hee'll come to speake to her,
And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,

I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come)
Tempests, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Come what
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,
And no redresse there, if I goe, he has her.
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:
He see her, and be neere her, or no more.

Enter 4. Country people, & one with a garland before them.

1. My Masters, he be there that's certaine.

2. And he be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boyes; 'Tis but a chiding,
Let the plough play to day, he tick'lt out
Of the lades taitles to morrow.

1. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
But that's all one, he goe through, let her mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stow her,
And all's made up againe.

3. I doe but put a feskue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arcas* will be there.

2. And *Sennois*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r dancd under green Tree,
And yet know what wenches: ha?

But will the dainty *Domine*, the Schoolemaster keep touch
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.

3. Hee'll eate a hornebooke ere he falle: got too, the mat-
ter's too farre driven betweene him, and the Tanners daugh-
ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must
daunce too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech-on's,

E 3

and

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods.
4. O pardon me.
2. By any meanes our thing of learning sees so: where he himselfe will edifie the Duke most parlously in our behalfe: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to th plaines, his learning makes no cry.
3. Weele see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearse by any meanes, before The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.
4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honest friends: pray you whither goc you.

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

Arc. Yes, tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not farre Sir,

Are there such *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you neuer saw; The *Duke* himselfe Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde misgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip,
Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though
If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,
He wrastle? he rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

Arc.

Arc. This is an offerd oportunity
I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled,
The best men calld it excellent, and run
Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne
(Curling the wealthy cares) never flew: Ile venture,
And in some poore disguize be there, who knowes
Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands?
And happines preferre me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her. *Exit Arcite,*

Scena 4. Enter Isalors Daughter alone.

Daugh. Why should I love this Gentleman? Tis odds
He never will affect me; I am base,
My Father the meane Keeper of his Prison,
And he a prince; To marry him is hopelesse;
To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;
What pushes are we wenches driven to
When fifteene once has found us? First I saw him,
I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,
And so would any young wench o' my Conscience
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maidenhead
To a yong haufom Man; Then I lov'd him,
(Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he too.
But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
Lord, what a coyle he keepes? To heare him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is?
And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Fairer spoken,
Was never Gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bowes his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes,
Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me,
I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,
Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much,
And me as much to see his misery.

What

What should I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To set him free? what saies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. *Exit.*

This short flo-
rish of Cor-
nets and
Showtes with
in.

Scena 4. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous,
Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seene
Since Hercules, a man of tougher synewes;
What ere you are, you run the best, and wrastle,
That these times can allow.

Arcite. I am proud to please you.

Thes. What Countrie bred you?

Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.

Thes. Are you a Gentleman?

Arcite. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heire?

Arcite. His yongest Sir.

Thes. Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship; yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,
I would be thought a Souldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Pirith. Vpon my soule, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

Per. How doe you like him Ladie?

Hip. I admire him,

I have not seene so yong a man, so noble
(If he say true,) of his sort.

Emil. Beleeve,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,
His face me thinkes, goes that way.

Hyp. But his Body

And

And fire minde, illustrate a brave Father.
Per. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun
Breakes through his baser garments.

Hyp. Hee's well got sure.

Thes. What made you seeke this place Sir?

Arc. Noble Theseus:

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
Fo onely in thy Court, of all the world
dwells faire-cyd honor.

Per. All his words are worthy:

Thes. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,
Nor shall you loose your wish: *Pirithous*
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

Pirith. Thanks Theseus.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this Lady,
This bright yong Virgin; pray observe her goodnesse;
You have honourd hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,
And as your due y'ar hirs: kisse her faire hand Sir.

Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver: dearest Bewtie,
Thus let me seale my vowd faith: when your Servant
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.

Emil. That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir; I shall soone see't: (you)
Y'ar mine, and somewhat better than your rancke Ile use

Per. Ile see you furnish'd, and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you
This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better (Prince) I shall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be readie,
And you Emilia, and you (Friend) and all
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance
To flowry May, in *Dians* wood: waite well Sir
Vpon your Mistris: *Emely*, I hope
He shall not goe a foote.

F

Emil.

Emil. That were a shame Sir,
While I have horses: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll finde a loving Mistress.

Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Disgrace, and blowes.

Thes. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It shall be so; you shall receave all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; Twer wrong else,
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Master,
But you are wise.

Emil. I hope too wise for that Sir. *Florish.*
Exeunt omnes.

Scæna 6. Enter Iaylor's Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe close,
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wis, or safetic: I have made him know it
I care not, I am desperate, If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; some wenches,
Some honest harted Maides, will sing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not so easily
Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,

And

And that (me thinkes) is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I perswade him to become a Freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him doe
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
For use me so he shall, or ile proclaim him
And to his face, no-man: Ile presently
Provide him necessaries, and packe my cloathes up,
And where there is a path of ground Ile venture
So hee be with me; By him, like a shadow
Ile ever dwell; within this houre the whoobub
Will be all ore the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they looke for: farewell Father;
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keepe your selfe. Now to him:

Actus Tertius.

Scæna 1. Enter Arcite alone.

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hypolita; each tooke
A severall land. This is a solemne Right
They owe bloomd May, and the *Athenians* pay it
To'th heart of Ceremony: O *Queene Emilia*
Fresher then May, sweeter
Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all
Th'en amell'd knackes o'th Meade, or garden, yea
(We challenge too) the bancke of any Nymph
That makes the streame seeme flowers; thou o Iewell
O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
That I poore man might eftsoones come betweene
And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance
To drop on such a Mistress, expectation
most gilllesse on't: tell me O Lady Fortune
(Next after *Emely* my Sovereigne) how far

F 2

Cornets in
sundry places.
Noise and
hallowing as
people a May-
ing:

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
 Hath made me neere her; and this beuteous Morne
 (The primst of all the yeare) presents me with
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
 Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
 That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas
 Poore Cosen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
 Thou thinkst thy selfe, the happier thing, to be
 So neare *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,
 And therein wretched, although free; But if
 Thou knew'st my Mistris breathd on me, and that
 I ear'd her language, livde in her eye; O Coz
 What passion would enclose thee.
*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles: bends
 his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signes
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one
 I, and the iustice of my love would make thee
 A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious
 That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
 That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cosen
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou hir thine?
 He prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
 A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
 Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
 And these house clogges away.

Arc. Deere Cosen *Palamon*,

Pal. Cosen *Arcite*, give me language, such
 As thou hast shewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in
 The circuit of my breast, any grosse stufte
 To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentlenesse of answer; tis your passion
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
 Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie

I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
 You skip them in me, and with them faire Coz
 He maintaine my proceedings; pray be pleas'd
 To shew in generous termes, your griefes, since that
 Your question's with your equall, who professes
 To cleare his owne way, with the minde and Sword
 Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well advertis'd
 How much I dare, y'ave seene me use my Sword
 Against th'advice of feare: sure of another
 You would not heare me doubted, but your silence
 Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

I have seene you move in such a place, which well
 Might iustifie your manhood, you were calld (faire
 A good knight and a bold; But the whole weeke's not
 If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper
 Men loose when they encline to trecherie,
 And then they fight like compeld Beares, would fly
 Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
 Speake this, and act it in your Glasse, as to
 His eare, which now disdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,

Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword
 Though it be rustie, and the charity
 Of one meale lend me; Come before me then
 A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say
 That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
 The trespassse thou hast done me, yea my life
 If then thou carry'st, and brave soules in shades
 That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me
 Some newes from earth, they shall get none but this
 That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,

Againe betake you to your hawthorne house,
 With counsaile of the night, I will be here
 With wholesome viands; these impediments

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th prison, after
When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but *Arcite*
I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce
Both Sword, and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty busines! none
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kinde is so bold.

Arc. Sweete *Palamon*.

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your person
Without hipocrisy I may not wish

Winde hornes of Cornets.

More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
Enter your Musicke least this match between's
Be crost, er met, give me your hand, farewell.
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be strong.

Pal. Pray hold your promise;
And doe the deede with a bent brow, most certaine
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language; by this ayre
I could for each word, give a Cusse: my stomach
not reconcild by reason.

Arc. Plainely spoken,
Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur

Winde hornes.

My horse, I chide him nor; content, and anger
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call
The scarterd to the Banket; you must guesse
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
Vnjustly is atchey'd.

Arc. If a good title,
I am perswaded this question sicke between's,

By

By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a Suitour,
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talke of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my Mistris,
For note you, mine she is.

Arc. Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talke of feeding me to breed me strength
You are going now to looke upon a Sun
That strengthens what it lookes on, there
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy'r till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Scena 2. Enter Iaylors daughter alone.

Daugh. He has mistooke; the Beake I meant, is gone
After his fancy, 'Tis now welnigh morning,
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke tis a wolfe:
In me hath greife slaine feare, and but for one thing
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.
I wreake not if the wolves would jaw me; so
He had this File; what if I hallowd for him?
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what then?
If he not answerd, I should call a wolfe,
And doe him but that service. I have heard
Strange howles this live-long night, why may't not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons,
He cannot run, the Iengling of his Gives
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sence to know a man unarmed, and can
Smell where resistance is. Ile set it downe
He's torne to pceces, they howld many together
And then they feed on him: So much for that,
Be bold to ring the Bell; how stand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,
My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,
My selfe to beg, if I prizd life so much
As to deny my act, but that I would not,

Should

Should I try death by dussions: I am mop't,
 Food tooke I none these two daies.
 Sipt some water. I have not closd mine eyes
 Save when my lids scowrd off their bine; alas
 Dissolue my life, Let not my sence unsettle
 Least I should drowne, or stab, or hang my selfe.
 O state of Nature, faile together in me,
 Since thy best props are warpt: So which way now?
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:
 Each errant step beside is torment. Loe
 The Moone is down, the Cryckets chirpe, the Schreichowls
 Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
 Save what I faile in: But the point is this
 An end, and that is all.

Exit.

Scæna 3. Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be neere the place, ho. Cosen Palamon.
 Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite.

Arc. The same: I have brought you fooode and files,
 Come forth and feare not, her'es no *Thescus*.

Pal. Nor none so honest Arcite.

Arc. That's no matter,
 Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
 You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drinke
 I know you are faint, then ile talke further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poyson me.

Arc. I might.

But I must feare you first: Sit downe, and good now
 No more of these vaine parlies; let us not
 Having our ancient reputation with us
 Make talke for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray sit downe then, and let me entreate you
 By all the honesty and honour in you,
 No mention of this woman, it will disturbe us,
 We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, Ile pledge you.

(blood man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good
 Doe

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay, Ile tell you after a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz: Eat now.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I am glad you have so good a stomach.

Pal. I am gladder I have so good meate too't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging, here in the wild woods Cosen

Pal. Yes, for then that have wilde Consciencs. (I see,

Arc. How tastes your vittails? your hunger needs no sawce

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too rapt: sweete Cosen: what is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. Tis a lusty meate:

Give me more wine; here Arcite to the wenches
 We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter:
 Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-haird man.

Arc. She did so; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite, and

Arc. Out with't faith.

Pal. She met him in an Arbour:

What did she there Cuz? play o'th virginals?

Arc. Something she did Sir.

Pal. Made her groane a moneth for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.

Arc. The Marshals Sister,

Had her share too, as I remember Cosen,

Else there be tales abroad, you'l pledge her?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wench'tis- There was a time
 When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,
 And a broade Beech: and there by hangs a tale: heigh ho.

Pal. For Emily, upon my life; Foole

Away with this straind mirrh; I say againe
 That sigh was breathd for Emily; base Cosen,
 Dar'st thou breake first?

Arc. you are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth, ther's nothing in thee honest.

G

Arc.

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And when you barke doe it with judgement.

Ban. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem*. Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i' ch fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authours utter, wash'd a Tile,
We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornefull peece, that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,
Cicely the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog skin;
Nay and she faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*
She swore by wine, and bread, she would not breake.

Sch. An Eele and woman,
A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th taile
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,
In manners this was false position

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What

Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,

Our busines is become a nullity
Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay on it,
Now to be frampall, now to pisse o'th nettle,
Goe thy wajes, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

Enter Taylors daughter,

The George alow, came from the South, from

Daughter. The coast of Barbary a.

And there he met with brave gallants of war

By one, by two, by three, a

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,

And whither now are you bound a

Chaire and
fooles out,

O let me have your company till come to the sound a

There was three fooles, fell out about an owle

The one sed it was an owle

The other he sed nay,

The third he sed it was a hawke, and her bels wer cut away.

3. Ther's

The Two Noble Kinsmen. 45

3. Ther's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th Nick as
mad as a march hare: if wee can get her daunce, wee are
made againe: I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else,
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.

You are a foole: tell ten, I have pozd him: Buz
Friend you must eate no white bread, if you doe
Your teeth will bleede extreemely, shall we dance ho?

I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sirha Tinker
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dij boni*. A Tinker Damzell?

Daugh. Or a Conjurer: raise me a devill now, and let him
Quipassa, o'th bels and bones. (play

Sch. Goe take her, and fluently perswade her to a peace:
Et opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis.

Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade.

(Winde Hornes)

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Perswasively, and cunningly; away boyes,

Ex. all but Schoolemaster.

I heare the hornes: give me some
Meditation, and marke your Cue;
Pallas inspire me.

Enter Thes. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and traine.

Thes. This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

Per. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.

Ladies sit downe, wee'l stay it.

(Ladies.

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all haile: all haile sweet

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favour; our Country pastime made is,

G 3

We

We are a few of those collected here
 That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,
 And to say veritie, and not to fable;
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable
 Or company, or by a figure, *Chorus*
 That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
 And I that am the rectifier of all
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall
 The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
 Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,
 And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame
 From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar
 Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,
 And with thy twinkling eyes, looke right and straight
 Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
 Is—now comes in, which being glewd together
 Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.
 The body of our sport of no small study
 I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speake before thy noble grace, this tenner:
 At whose great feete I offer up my pennaer.
 The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
 The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night
 That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host
 And his fat Spowse, that welcomes to their cost
 The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reckning:
 Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the foole,
 The *Bavian* with long tayle, and eke long toole,
Cum multis alijs that make a dance,
 Say I, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. I, I by any meanes, deere Domine.

Per. Produce.

Musicke Dance.

Knocke for
Schoole. Enter
The Dance.
Intrate filij, Come forth, and foot it,
Ladies, if we have beene merry
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
And a derry, and a downe

Say

Say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne:
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good Boyes should doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole, and againe
Ere another yeare run out,
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.

Thes. Take 20. Domine; how does my sweet heart.

Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

Emil. Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface
 I never heard a better. *(warded.)*

Thes. Schoolemaster, I thanke yon, One see'em all re-
Per. And heer's somerhing to paint your Pole withall.

Thes. Now to our sports againe.

Sch. May the Stag thou huntst stand long,
 And thy dogs be swift and strong:

May they kill him without lets,

And the Ladies eate his dowsets: Come we are all made.

Winde Hornes.

Dij Deaq; omnes, ye have danc'd rarely wenches. Exeunt.

Scena 7. Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this houre my Cosen gave his faith
 To visit me againe, and with him bring
 Two Swords, and two good Armors; if he faile
 He's neither man, nor Souldier; when he left me
 I did not thinke a weeke could have restord
 My lost strength to me, I was growne so low,
 And Crest-falne with my wants: I thanke thee *Arcite*,
 Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my selfe
 With this refreshing, able once againe
 To out dure danger: To delay it longer
 Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
 That I lay fatting like a Swine, to fight
 And not a Souldier: Therefore this blest morning
 Shall be the last; and that Sword he refuses,
 If it but hold, I kill him with; tis Iustice:
 So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.

Arcite.

Arc. Good morrow noble kinsman,

Pal. I have put you
To too much paines Sir.

Arc. That too much faire Cosen,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all Sir; I could wish ye
As kinde a kinsman, as you force me finde
A beneficiall foe, that my embraces
Might thanke ye, not my blowes.

Arc. I shall thinke either
Well done, a noble recompence.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these faire termes, and you show
More then a Mistris to me, no more anger
As you love any thing that's honourable;
We were not bred to talke man, when we are arm'd
And both upon our guards, then let our fury
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty
Truely pertaines (without obb. aidings, scornes,
Dispisings of our persons, and such powtings
Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be seene
And quickly, you, s, or mine: wilt please you arme Sir,
Or if you feele your selfe not fitting yet
And furnisht with your old strength, ile stay Cosen
And ev'ry day discourse you into health,
As I am spard, your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not saide I lov'd her
Though I had dide; But loving such a Lady
And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. *Arcite*, thou art so brave an enemy
That no man but thy Cosen's fit to kill thee,
I am well, and lusty, choose your Armes.

Arc. Choose you Sir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceede in all, or do'st thou doe it
To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you thinke so Cosen,
You are deceived, for as I am a Soldier.

I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.

Arc. You'l finde it

Pal. Then as I am an honest man and love,
With all the justice of affection
Ile pay thee soundly: This ile take.

Arc. That's mine then,
Ile arme you first.

Pal. Do: pray thee tell me Cosen,
Where gotst thou this good Armour.

Arc. 'Tis the Dukes,
And to say true, I stole it; doe I pinch you?

Pal. Noe.

Arc. Is't not too heavie?

Pal. I have worne a lighter,
But I shall make it serve.

Arc. Ile buckl't close.

Pal. By any meanes.

Arc. You care not for a Grand guard?

Pal. No, no, wee'l use no horses, I perceave
You would faine be at that Fight.

Arc. I am indifferent.

Pal. Faith so am I: good Cosen, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.

Arc. I warrant you.

Pal. My Caske now.

Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?

Pal. We shall be the nimbler.

Arc. But use your Gauntlets though; those are o'th least,
Prethee take mine good Cosen.

Pal. Thanke you *Arcite*.

How doe I looke, am I false much away?

Arc. Faith very little; love has usd you kindly;

Pal. Ile warrant thee, Ile strike home.

Arc. Doe, and spare not;

Ile give you cause sweet Cosen.

Pal. Now to you Sir,

Me thinkes this Armo'rs very like that, *Arcite*;

H

Thou

Thou wor'st that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you outdid me Cosen,
I never saw such valour: when you chargd
Vpon the left wing of the Enemy,
I spur'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeede
A bright Bay I remember.

Arc. Yes but all
Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you; yet a little
I did by imitation.

Pal. More by vertue,
You are modest Cosen.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
Breake from the Troope.

Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,
Is not this peece too freight?

Arc. No, no, tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,
A bruise would be dishonour.

Arc. Now I am perfect.

Pal. Stand off then.

Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.

Pal. I thanke ye: No, keepe it, your life lyes on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,
For all my hopes: My Cause and honour guard me.

Arc. And me my love: * Is there ought else to say?

Pal. This onely, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall,
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleepe in honour,
I wish his wearie soule, that falls may win it:

They bow se-
verall wayes:
then advance
and stand.

Fight

Fight bravely Cosen, give me thy noble hand.

Arc. Here *Palamon*: This hand shall never more
Come neare thee with such friendship.

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.
Once more farewell my Cosen,

Pal. Farewell *Arcite*.

Fight.

Hornes within: they stand.

Arc. Loee Cosen, loee, our Folly has undon us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we are wretched, O retire
For honours sake, and safely presently
Into your Bush agen; Sir we shall finde
Too many howres to dye in, gentle Cosen:
If you be seene you perisha instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveale me,
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorne us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, Cosen

I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second Tryall!
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy selfe
Vpon thy present guard.

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th'advantage of this howre
Mine owne, and what to come shall threaten me,
I feare lesse then my fortune: know weake Cosen
I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury
Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then come, what can come
Thou shalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as discourse, or sleepe: Onely this feares me,
The law will have the honour of our ends,
Have at thy life.

H 2

Pal.

Pal. Look to thine owne well *Arcite.*

Fight againe. Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Castor* both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theseus,*

We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,
Thinke well, what that deserves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falser neu'r seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise
Against this owne Edict followes thy Sister,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soule to) justly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,
I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'st
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,
The true descider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*
Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie.
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,
What more then man is this!

Thes. I have sworne.

Arc. We seeke not
Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me
A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me say thus much; if in love be Treason,
In service of so excellent a Beutie,

As

As I love most, and in that faith will perishe,
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this *Cosen*, that denies it,
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me:
For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady
Why she is faire, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if she say Traytor,
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pittie of us both, o *Theseus*,
If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop,
(As thou art just) thy noble care against us,
As thou art valiant; for thy *Cosens* soule
Whose strong labours crowne his memory,
Lets die together, at one instant Duke,
Onely a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soule he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish, for to say true, your *Cosen*
Hast ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy then you found, Sir, your offenses
Being no more then his: None here speake for 'em
For ere the Sun set, both shall sleepe for ever.

Hipol. Alas the pittie, now or never Sister
Speake not to be denide; That face of yours
Will beare the curses else of after ages
For these lost *Cosens*.

Emil. In my face deare Sister
I finde no anger to 'em; nor no ruyn,
The misadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em;
Yet that I will be woman, and have pittie,
My knees shall grow to'th ground but Ile get mercie.
Helpe me deare Sister, in a deede so vertuous,
The powers of all women will be with us,
Most royall Brother.

Hipol. Sir by our tye of Marriage.

Emil. By your owne spotlesse honour.

Hip. By that faith,
That faire hand, and that honest heart you gave me.

H 3

Emil.

Emil. By that you would have pittie in anothe,
By your owne vertues infinite.

Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.

Thes. These are strange Conjurings. (our dangers,

Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all
By all you love most, warres; and this sweet Lady.

Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing Maide.

Hip. By your owne eyes: By strength
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yeelded *Thesens*.

Per. To crowne all this; By your most noble soule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

Hip. Next heare my prayers.

Emil. Last let me intreate Sir.

Per. For mercy.

Hip. Mercy.

Emil. Mercy on these Princes.

Thes. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?

Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their banishments.

Thes. You are a right woman, Sister: you have pittie,
But want the vnderstanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer then banishment: Can these two live
And have the agony of love about'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The' yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then
And here forget'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have said they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.

Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,
Your reason will not hold it, if such vowes
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perishi.

Beside

Beside, I have another oth, gainst yours
Of more authority, I am sure more love,
Not made in passion neither, but good heede.

Thes. What is it Sister?

Per. Vrge it home brave Lady.

Emil. That you would nev'r deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,
Thinke how you maim your honour;
(For now I am set a begging Sir, I am deafe
To all but your compassion) how, their lives
Might breed the ruine of my name; Opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruell wisdome, doe men proyne
The straight yong Bowes that blush with thousand Blossoms
Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Thesens*
The goodly Mothers that have groand for these,
And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,
And in their funerall songs, for these two Cosen
Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorne of women;
For heavens sake save their lives, and banish'em.

Thes. On what conditions?

Emil. Swear'em never more
To make me their Contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy Dukedome, and to be
Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.

Pal. Ile be cut a peeces
Before I take this oth, forget I love her?
O all ye gods dispise me then: Thy Banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairely carry
Our Swords, and cause along: else never trifle,
But take our lives Duke, I must love and will,
And for that love, must and dare kill this Cosen
On any peece the earth has.

Thes. Will you *Arise*.
Take these conditions?

Pal.

Pal. H'es a villaine then.

Per. These are men.

Arcite. No, never Duke: Tis worse to me than begging
To take my life so basely, though I thinke
I never shall enjoy her, yet ile preserve
The honour of affection, and dye for her,
Make death a Devill.

Thes. What may be done? for now I feeble compassion

Per. Let it not fall agen Sir.

Thes. Say *Emilia*

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take th'other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of; looke upon'em,
And if you can love, end this difference,
I give consent, are you content too Princes?

Both. With all our soules.

Thes. He that she refuses
Must dye then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent Duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And Lovers yet unborne shall blesse my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And Souldiers sing my Epitaph.

Thes. Make choice then.

Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent
For me, a hayre shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thes. Thus I ordaine it,
And by mine honor, once againe it stands,
Or both shall dye. You shall both to your Countrey,
And each within this moneth accompanied
With three faire Knights, appeare againe in this place,
In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether
Before us that are here, can force his Cosen
By fayre and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,
He shall enjoy her: the other loose his head,

And all his friends; Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor thinke he dies with interest in this Lady:
Will this content yee?

Pal. Yes: there Cosen *Arcite*
I am friends againe, till that howre.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thes. Are you content Sister?

Emil. Yes, I must Sir,
Els both miscarry.

Thes. Come shake hands againe then,
And take heede, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell
Sleepe till the howre prefixt, and hold your course.

Pal. We dare not faile thee *Thesew.*

Thes. Come, Ile give ye
Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:
When ye returne, who wins, Ile settle heere,
Who looses, yet Ile weepe upon his Beere. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Scena I. Enter *Iailor*, and his friend.

Iailor. Heare you no more, was nothing saide of me
Concerning the escape of *Palamon*?
Good Sir remember.

1. Fr. Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the busines
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: For *Hipolita*,
And faire-eyd *Emilie*, upon their knees
Begd with such hansom pittie, that the Duke
Methought stood staggering, whether he should follow
His rassa o'th, or the sweet compassion
Of those two Ladies; and to second them,
That truely noble Prince *Perithous*
Halfe his owne heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: Neither heard I one question

Of your name, or his scape.

Enter 2. Friend.

Iay. Pray heaven it hold so.

2. Fr. Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
Good newes.

Iay. They are welcome,

2. Fr. Palamon has cleerd you,
And got your pardon, and discoverd (Daughters,
How, and by whose meanes he escapt, which was your
Whose pardon is procurd too, and the Prisoner
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
Has given a summe of money to her Marriage,
A large one ile assure you.

Iay. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good newes.

1. Fr. How was it ended?

2. Fr. Why, as it should be; they that nev'r begd
But they prevaild, had their suites fairely granted,
The prisoners have their lives.

1. Fr. I knew t'would be so.

2. Fr. But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of
At better time.

Iay. I hope they are good.

2. Fr. They are honourable,
How good they'l prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1. Fr. T'will be knowne.

Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

Iay. Why doe you aske?

Woo. O Sir when did you see her?

2. Fr. How he looks?

Iay. This morning.

(she sleepe)

Woo. Was she well? was she in health? Sir, when did

1. Fr. These are strange Questions.

Iay. I doe not thinke she was very well, for now
You make me minde her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
So farre from what she was, so childishly.
So sillily, as if she were a foole,

An

An Inocent, and I was very angry.

(as good by me

But what of her Sir?

Woo. Nothing but my pittie; but you must know it, and
Asby an other that lesse loves her:

Iay. Well Sir.

1. Fr. Not right?

2. Fr. Not well? ——— Wooer, No Sir not well.

Woo. Tis too true, she is mad.

1. Fr. It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve you'l finde it so.

Iay. I halfe suspected

What you told me: the gods comfort her;

Either this was her love to Palamon,

Or feare of my miscarrying on his scape,

Or both.

Woo. Tis likely.

Iay. But why all this haste Sir?

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,
From the far shore, thicke set with reedes, and Sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voyce, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave my care, when I might well perceive
T'was one that sung, and by the smallnesse of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his owne skill, came neere, but yet perceivd not
Who made the sound; the rushes, and the Reeds
Had so encompass't it: I laide me downe
And listned to the words she song, for then
Through a small glade cut by the Fisher men,
I saw it was your Daughter.

Iay. Pray goe on Sir?

Woo. She sung much, but no sence; onely I heard her
Repeat this often. Palamon is gone,
Is gone to th wood to gather Mulberries,
Ile finde him out to morrow.

1. Fr. Pretty soule.

Woo. His shackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,

I 2

And

And what shall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
 A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe
 With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
 With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roses,
 And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,
 And beg his pardon; Then she talk'd of you Sir;
 That you must loose your head to morrow morning,
 And she must gather flowers to bury you,
 And see the house made handsome, then she sung
 Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betweene
 Ever was, *Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,
 And *Palamon*, was a tall yong man. The place
 Was knce deepe where she sat; her careles Tresses,
 A wreake of bull-rush rounded; about her stucke
 Thousand fresh water flowers of severall cullors.
 That me thought she appeard like the faire Nymph
 That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
 Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings she made
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
 The prettiest posies: Thus our true love's tide,
 This you may loose, not me, and many a one:
 And then she wept, and sung againe, and sigh'd,
 And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2. Fr. Alas what pittie it is!

Woer. I made in to her.

She saw me, and straight fought the flood, I sav'd her,
 And set her safe to land: when presently
 She slipt away, and to the Citty made,
 With such a cry, and swiftnes, that beleeve me
 Shee left me farre behinde her; three, or foure,
 I saw from farre off crosse her, one of 'em
 I knew to be your brother, where she staid,
 And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hether came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
 Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. O a very fine one.

Daugh.

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Bro. I thinke you can,

Daugh. Yes truely can I, I can sing the Broome,
 And Bony Robin. Are not you a tailour?

Bro. Yes,

Daugh. Wher's my wedding Gowne?

Bro. Ile bring it to morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I must be abroad else
 To call the Maides, and pay the Minstrels
 For I must loose my Maidenhead by cocklight
 Twill never thrive else.

O faire, oh sweets, &c. Singes.

Bro. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Iay. Tis true,

Daugh. Good'ev'n, good men, pray did you ever heare
 Of one yong *Palamon*?

Iay. Yes wench we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine yong Gentleman?

Iay. Tis Love.

Bro. By no meane crosse her, she is then distemperd
 For worfe then now she shoves.

1. Fr. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so? you have a Sister.

1. Fr. Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
 For a trick that I know, y'had best looke to her,
 For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,
 And undon in an howre. All the young Maydes
 Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
 And let 'em all alone, Is't not a wise course?

1. Fr. Yes.

(by him,
 Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child
 There must be fowre; yet I keepe close for all this,
 Close as a Cockle; and all these must be Boyes,
 He has the trick on't, and at ten yeares old
 They must be all gelt for Musicians,
 And sing the wars of *Thebes*.

2. Fr. This is strange.

I 3

Daugh.

Daugh. Asever you heard, but say nothing!

1. Fr. No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedom to
 Ile warrant ye, he had not so few last night
 As twenty to dispatch, hee'l tickl't up
 In two howres, if his hand be in.

Iay. She's lost

Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.

1. Fr. Do's she know him?

1. Fr. No, would she did.

Daugh. You are master of a Ship?

Iay. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your Compasse?

Iay. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too'th North.

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
 Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
 Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
 Bowling, out with the maine saile, wher's your
 Whistle Master?

Bro. Lets get her in.

Iay. Vp to the top Boy.

Bro. Wher's the Pilot?

1. Fr. Heere.

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

2. Fr. A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it master: take about: *Singer.*
When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.

Emilia. Yet I may binde those wounds up, that must
 And bleed to death for my sake else; Ile choosc. *(open*
 And end their strife: Two such yong hanfom men
 Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
 Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes
 Shall never curse my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a sweet face has *Arcite*? if wise nature
 With all her best endowments, all those beuties
 She sowed into the birthes of noble bodies,
 Were here a mortall woman, and had in her
 The coy denials of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,
 She would run mad for this man: what an eye?
 Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick sweetnes,
 Has this yong Prince? Here Love himsele sits smyling,
 Iust such another wanton *Ganimed*,
 Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god
 Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him
 A shining constellation: What a brow,
 Of what a spacious Majesty he carries?
 Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, but far sweeter,
 Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and honour
 Me thinks from hence, as from a Promontory
 Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
 To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights
 Of gods, and such men neere'em. *Palamon*,
 Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull shadow,
 Hee's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy
 As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
 No stirring in him, no alacrity,
 Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a smile;
 Yet these that we count errors may become him:
Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:
 Oh who can finde the bent of womans fancy?
 I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me,
 I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly
 That women ought to beate me. On my knees
 I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,
 And only beutifull, and these the eyes,
 These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
 And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare crosse'em
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviring
 Has this browne manly face? O Love, this only
 From this howre is Complexion: Lye there *Arcite*,
 Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipsy,

And

And this the noble Bodie : I am fotted,
Vtterly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me :
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sister,
I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,
Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir ?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

Emil. To end the quarrell ?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first :

What sinnes have I committed, chaſt *Diana*,
That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd
Wich blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie ?

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theseus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to see 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sister,
You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely

Enter Messengers. Curtis.

These. Who saw 'em ?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

These. From whence come you Sir ?

Mess. From the Knights.

These.

These. Pray speake
You that have seene them, what they are.

Mess. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke : Six braver spirits
Then these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of : He that stands
In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,
(His very lookes so say him) his complexion,
Nearer a browne, than blacke ; stern, and yet noble,
Which shewes him hardy, searelesse, proud of dangers :
The circles of his eyes show faire within him,
And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes ;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining
Like Ravens wings : his shoulders broad, and strong,
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldricke ; when he frownes
To scale his will with, better o' my conscience
Was never Souldiers friend.

These. Thou ha'st well describ'd him,

Per. Yet a great deale short

Me thinks, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

These. Pray speake him friend.

Per. I ghesse he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater ; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't :
Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter ; His complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy : he has felt
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his owne : In's face appears
All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,
And guides his arme to brave things : Feare he cannot,
He shewes no such soft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard hay'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,
Not to undoe with thunder ; In his face

K

The

The liverie of the warlike Maide appears,
Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has blest him,
And in his rowling eyes, sits victory,
As if she ever ment to correct his valour:
His Nose stands high, a Character of honour.
His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

Emil. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speakes, his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyncaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong, and cleane,
He weares a well-steeld Axe, the staffe of gold,
His age some five and twenty.

Mess. Ther's another,
A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming
As great as any: fairer promises
In such a Body, yet I never look'd on.

Per. O, he that's freckle fac'd?

Mess. The same my Lord,
Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes they are well.

Mess. Me thinkes,
Being so few, and well disposd, they show
Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,
Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble set,
Which shoves an active soule; his armes are brawny
Linde with strong sinewes: To the shoulder peece,
Gently they swell, like women new conceav'd,
Which speakes him prone to labour, never fainting
Vnder the waight of Armes; stout harted, still,
But when he stirs, a Tiger; he's gray eyd,
Which yeelds compassion where he conquers: sharpe
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles
He shoves a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier:
About his head he weares the winners oke,
And in it stucke the favour of his Lady:

His

His age, some six and thirtie. In his hand
He beares a charging Staffe, embost with silver.

Thes. Are they all thus?

Per. They are all the sonnes of honour.

Thes. Now as I have a soule I long to see 'em,
Lady you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,

But not the cause my Lord; They would show
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdomes;
Tis pittie Love should be so tyrannous:
O my soft harted Sister, what thinke you?

Weepe not, till they weepe blood; Wench it must be.

Thes. You have steel'd 'em with your Beautie: honord
To you I give the Feild; pray order it, (Friend,
Fitting the persons that must use it.

Per. Yes Sir.

Thes. Come, I'll goe visit 'em: I cannot stay.
Their fame has fir'd me so; Till they appeare,
Good Friend be royall.

Per. There shall want no bravery.

Emilia. Poore wench goe weepe, for whosoever wins,
Looses a noble Cosen, for thy sins. *Exeunt.*

Scena 3. Enter Iailor, Wooer, Doctor.

Doct. Her distraction is more at some time of the Moone,
Then at other some, is it not?

Jay. She is continually in a harmelesse distemper, sleepes
Little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking,
Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what
Broken peece of matter so ere she's about, the name
Palamon lardes it, that she farces ev'ry busines

Enter Daughter.

Withall, fyts it to every question; Looke where
Shee comes, you shall perceive her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; The burden o'nt, was *downe*
A downe a, and pend by no worse man, then
Girald, *Emilia* Schoolemaster; he's as
Fantastick too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,
For in the next world will *Dido* see *Palamon*, and

K 2

Then

Then will she be out of love with *Eneas*.

Doct. What stuff's here? pore soule.

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you must Bring a peece of silver on the tip of your tongue, Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where The blessed spirits, as the's a sight now; we maids That have our Lyvers, perish'd, crake to peeces with Love, we shall come there, and doe nothing all day long But picke flowers with Proserpine, then will I make *Palamon* a Nosegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily she's amisse? note her a little further.

Dan. Faith ile tell you, sometime we goe to Barly breake, We of the blessed; alas, tis a sore life they have i'th Thother place, such burning, frying, boyling, hissing, Howling, chattering, cursing, oh they have shrowd Measure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or Drowne themselves, thither they goe, *Jupiter* blesse Vs, and there shall we be put in a Caldron of Lead, and Vsurers greafe, amongst a whole million of Cutpurses, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon That will never be enough. *Exit.*

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with Child, they are in this place, they shall stand in fire up to the Nav'le, and in yce up to th' hart, and there th' offending part burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very grievous punishuent, as one would thinke, for such a Trifle, beleve me one would marry a lea prous witch, to be rid on't Ile assure you.

Doct. How she continues this fancie? Tis not an engrafted Madnesse, but a most thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud City wiffe, howle together: I weate a beast and il'd call it good sport: one cries, o this smoake, another this fire; One cries, o, that ever I did it behold the arras, and then howles; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden house.

Sings. I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c. *Exit. Daugh. Iaylor.*

Iay. What thinke you of her Sir?

(minister to.

Doct. I thinke she has a perturbed minde, which I cannot

Iay. Alas, what then?

Doct. Vnderstand you, she ever affected any man, ere She beheld *Palamon*?

Iay. I was once Sir, in great hope, she had fixd her Liking on this gentleman my friend. (great

Woo. I did thinke so too, and would account I had a Pen-worth on't, to give halfe my state, that both She and I at this present stood unfainedly on the Saue tearmes. (the

Do. That intemprat surfeit of her eye, hath distemperd Other senses, they may returne and settle againe to Execute their preordaind faculties, but they are Now in a most extravagant vagary. This you Must doe, Confine her to a place, where the light May rather seeme to steale in, then be permitted; take Vpon you (yong Sir her friend) the name of *Palamon*, say you come to eate with her, and to Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for This her minde beates upon; other objects that are Inserted tweene her minde and eye, become the pranks And friskins of her madnes; Sing to her, such Greene Songs of Love, as she sayes *Palamon* hath sung in Prison; Come to her, stucke in as sweet, flowers, as the Season is mistres of, and thereto make an addition of Som other compounded odours, which are grateful to the Sence: all this shall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can Sing, and *Palamon* is sweet, and ev'ry good thing, desire To eate with her, crave her, drinke to her, and still Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance Into her favour: Learne what Maides have beene her Companions, and play-pheeres, and let them repaire to Her with *Palamon* in their mouthes, and appeare with Tokens, as if they suggested for him, It is a false hood She is in, which is with false hood to be combared. This may bring her to eate, to sleepe, and reduce what's Now out of square in her, into their former law, and

Regiment; I have seene it approved, how many times
I know not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will betweene the passages of
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
Put it in execution; and hasten the successe, which doubt not
Will bring forth comfort. *Florish. Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena 1. Enter *Theseus, Perithous, Hipolita, attendants.*

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples
Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense
To those above us: Let no due be wanting,
Florish of Cornets.

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong harted Enemies
You royall German foes, that this day come
To blow that nearenesse out that flames betweene ye;
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies,
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice,
I le leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthiest.

Exit Theseus, and his traine.

Pal. The glasse is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye
Against another: Arme opprest by Arme:

I would destroy th' offender, Coz, I would
Though parcell of my selfe: Then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your auncient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i'th selfe same place
To seate something I would confound: So hoyst we
The sayles, that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speake well;
Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Cosen
This I shall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be so: Farewell Coz.

Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.

Arc. Farewell Sir;
Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expells the seedes of feare, and th'apprehension
Which still is farther off it, Goe with me
Before the god of our profession: There
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of Tigers, yea the fearcenesse too,
Yea the speed also, to goe on, I meane:
Else wish we to be Snayles; you know my prize
Must be drag'd out of blood, force and great feate
Must put my Garland on, where she sticke
The Queene of Flowers: our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the Campe, a Cestron
Brymd with the blood of men: give me your aide
And bend your spirits towards him. *They kneels.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turnd
Greene Neptune into purple.

Comets prewarne, whose havocke in vasse Feild
Vnearthed skulls proclaime, whose breath blowes downe,
The teeming Ceres foyzon, who dost plucke
With hand armenypotent from forth blew clowdes,
The masond Turrets, that both mak' it, and break' it

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,
Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
Be stil'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard
clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder as the burst of
a Battaille, whercupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dustie, and old tytles, that healt with blood
The earth when it is sicke, and curst the world
O'th pluresie of people; I doe take
Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name
To my designe; march boldly let us goe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-
vance.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives
Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free noblenesse doe make my cause
Your personall hazard; to the goddesse *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
His power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*
Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast power
To call the feircest Tyrant from his rage;
And weepe unto a Gille; that ha'st the might
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Mars's* Drom
And turne th'allarme to whispers, that canst make
A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may'st force the King
To be his subjects vassalle, and induce
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
Whose youth like wonton Boyes through Bonfyres
Have skipt thy flame, at seaventy, thou canst catch
And make him to the scorne of his hoarse throate

Abuse

Abuse yong laies of love; what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To *Phabus* thou
Add'st flames, hotter then his the heavenly fyres
Did scotch his mortall Son, thine him; the huntresse
All moyst and cold, some say began to throw
Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
Me thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare thy yoke
As t'wer a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier
Then Lead it selfe, stings more than Nettles;
I have never beene foule mouthd against thy law,
Nev'r reveald secret, for I knew none; would not
Had I kend all that were; I never practised
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade
Of liberall wits: I never at great feastes
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have blush'd
At simpring Sirs that did: I have beene harsh
To large Confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who
A Lasse of foureteene bridged; twas thy power
To put life into dust, the aged Crampe
Had screw'd his square foote round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulsions from his globie eyes,
Had almost drawne their spheeres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture: this *Anatomic*
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I
Beleev'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not beleeve her? brieft I am
To those that prate and have done; no Companion
To those that boast and have not; a defyer
To those that would and cannot; a Rejoycer,
Yea him I doe not love, that tells close offices
The fowlest way, nor names concealements in
The boldest language, such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer then I. O then most soft sweet goddesse

L

Give

74 *The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here Musicks is heard, Doves are seene to flutter, they
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie reign'st
In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance *They bow.*
My body to this businesse: Let us rise
And bow before the goddesse: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*

Still Musicks of Records.
*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her shoulders, a whea-
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire
strucke with flowers: One before her carrying a silver
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incense and sweet odours,
which being set upon the Altar her maides standing a
loose, she sets fire to it, then they curtsy and kneele.*

Emilia. O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priest
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchsafe
With that thy rare Greene eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And sacred silver Mistis, lend thine care
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose port
Ne're entred wanton sound,) to my petition
Seasond with ho'y feare; This is my last
Of vestall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I should
Chooise one, and pray for his successe, but I
Am guiltlesse of election of mine eyes,
Were I to loose one, they are equall precious.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

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I could doombe neither, that which peris'd should
Goe too't unsentenc'd: Therefore most modest Queene,
He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, Let him
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or else grant
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vanishes under the Altar: and in the
place ascends a Rose Tree, having one Rose upon it.*

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar
With sacred act advances: But one Rose,
If well inspir'd, this Battaille shal confound
Both these brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

*Here is heard a sodaine twang of Instruments, and the
Rose falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is false, the Tree descends: O Mistis
Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gather'd,
I thinke so, but I know not thine owne will;
Vnclaspe thy Mysterie: I hope she's pleas'd,
Her Signes were gracious.

They curtsy and Exeunt.

*Scena 2. Enter Doctor, Iaylor and Wooser, in habite of
Palamon.*

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?
Wooser. O very much; The maids that hept her company
Have halfe perswaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this
Halfe houre she came smiling to me, and asked me what I
Would eate, and when I would kisse her: I told her
Presently, and kist her twice.

Doct. Twas well done; twentie times had bin far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooser. Then she told me
She would watch with me to night, for well she knew
What houre my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her doe so,
And when your fit comes, fit her home.

L 2

And

And presently.

Woer. She would have me sing.

Doct. You did so?

Woer. No.

Doct. Twas very ill done then,
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Woer. Alas

I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.

Doct. That's all one, if yee make a noyse,
If she intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if she aske you.

Taylor. Hoa there Doct.

Doct. Yes in the waie of cure.

Taylor But first by your leave
I'th way of honestie.

Doct. That's but a nicenesse;
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie;
Cure her first this way, then if shee will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Taylor. Thanke yee Doct.

Doct. Pray bring her in
And let's see how shee is.

Taylor. I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* staies for her: But Doct.,
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong still.

Exit Taylor.

Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honestie?
And we should give her physicke till we finde that:

Woer. Why, doe you thinke she is not honest Sir?

Doct. How old is she?

Woer. She's eightene.

Doct. She may be,
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpose,
What ere her Father saies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of
Videlicet, the way of *flesh*, you have me.

Woer. Yet very well Sir.

Doct. Please her appetite
And doe it home, it cures her *ipso facto*,

The

The mellencholly humour that infects her.
Woer. I am of your minde Doct.

Enter Taylor, Daughter, Maide.

Doct. You'l finde it so; she comes, pray honour her.

Taylor. Come, your Love *Palamon* staies for you childe,
And has done this long houre, to visite you.

Daughter. I thanke him for his gentle patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Did you nev'r see the horse he gave me?

Taylor. Yes.

Daugh. How doe you like him?

Taylor. He's a very faire one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Taylor. No.

Daugh. I have often.

He daunces very finely, very comely,
And for a ligge, come cut and long taile to him;
He turnes ye like a Top.

Taylor. That's fine indeede.

Daugh. Hee'l dance the Morris twenty mile an houre,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,
And gallops to the turne of *Light a love*,
What thinke you of this horse?

Taylor. Having these vertues
I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.

Daugh. Alas that's nothing.

Taylor. Can he write and reade too.

Daugh. A very faire hand, and casts himselfe th'accounts
Of all his hay and provender: That Hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know
The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?

Taylor. Very well.

Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poore beast,
But he is like his master coy and scornefull.

Taylor. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty strike of Oates; but hee'l ne're have her;

He

He lispes in's neighing able to entice
A Millars Mare,

Hee'l be the death of her.

Doctor. What stuffe she utters?

Taylor. Make curtise, here your love comes.

Woer. Pretty soule

How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtise.

Daugh. Yours to command ith way of honestie;
How far is't now to th end o'th world my Masters?

Doctor. Why a daies Iorney wench.

Daugh. Will you goe with me?

Woer. What shall we doe there wench?

Daugh. Why play at stoole ball,

What is there else to doe?

Woer. I am content

If we shall keepe our wedding there.

Daugh. Tis true

For there I will assure you, we shall finde
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish;
Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i'th businesse
Are not you *Palamon*?

Woer. Doe not you know me?

Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this pore petticoate, and too corse Smockes.

Woer. That's all one, I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely?

Woer. Yes by this faire hand will I.

Daugh. Wee'l to bed then.

Woer. Ev'n when you will.

Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibling.

Woer. Why doe you rub my kisse off?

Daugh. Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your Cosen *Arcite*?

Doctor. Yes sweet heart,
And I am glad my Cosen *Palamon*

Has

Has made so faire a choice.

Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?

Doctor. Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Doe you thinke so too?

Taylor. Yes. (growne,

Daugh. We shall have many children: Lord, how y'ar
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at liberty: Alas poore Chicken
He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging
But ile kisse him up againe.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What doe you here, you'l loose the noblest fight
That ev'r was scene.

Taylor. Are they i'th Field?

Mess. They are

You beare a charge there too.

Taylor. Ile away straight

I must ev'n leave you here.

Doctor. Nay wee'l goe with you,

I will not loose the Fight.

Taylor. How did you like her?

Doctor. Ile warrant you within these 3. or 4 daies
Ile make her right againe. You must not from her
But still preserve her in this way.

Woer. I will,

Doc. Lets get her in.

Woer. Come sweete wee'l goe to dinner
And then wee'll play at Cardes.

Daugh. And shall we kisse too?

Woer. A hundred times

Daugh. And twenty.

Woer. I and twenty.

Daugh. And then wee'l sleepe together.

Doc. Take her offer.

Woer. Yes marry will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Woer. I will not sweete.

Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry. *Floris Exeunt.*

Scena.

Scena 3. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous: and some Attendants, T. Tucke: Curtis.

Emil. Ile no step further.

Per. Will you loose this fight?

Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly
Then this decision ev'ry; blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A Bell, then blade: I will stay here,
It is enough my hearing shall be punishd,
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye
With dread fights, it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord
Your Sister will no further.

Thes. Oh she must.

She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both seald with eye, and eare; you must be present,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garland
To crowne the Questions title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd winke

Thes. You must be there;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
The onely star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light, which shoves
The one the other: darkenes which ever was
The dam of horror, who do's stand accurst
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By casting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her selfe
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off wherto she's guilty.

Hip. You must goe:

Emil. In faith I will not.

Thes.

Thes. Why the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know of this war
You are the Treasure, and must needs be by
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir pardon me,
The tytle of a kingdome may be tride
Out of it selfe.

Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure,
Those that remaine with you, could with their office
To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Sister,
I am like to know your husband fore your selfe
By some small start of time, he whom the gods
Doe of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous, &c.

Emil. *Arcite* is gently visagd; yet his eye
Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage: *Palamon*
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow
Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it frownes on,
Yet sometime tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly
Becomes him nobly; So do's *Arcites* mirth,
But *Palamon's* sadnes is a kinde of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadnes, merry; those darker humours that
Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets. Trompets sound as to a charge.
Harke how yon spurs to spirit doe incite
The Princes to their prooffe, *Arcite* may win me,
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite* to
The spoyling of his figure. O what pittie
Enough for such a chance; if I were by
I might doe hurt; for they would glance their eyes

M

Toward

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then minister to such harme, what is the chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon*.

Emil. Then he has won: Twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and successe, and he is
Doubtlesse the prim'st of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.

Shows, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still *Palamon*.

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou hast lost,
Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamons on the left, why so, I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

Another cry, and showt within, and Cornets.

On the sinister side, the heart lyes; *Palamon*
Had the best boding chance: This burst of clamour
Is sureth'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphis'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a Man: their single share,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.

To any Lady breathing — More exulting?
Palamon still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite*.

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

Cornets.

Cornets. a great showt and cry, Arcite, victory.
Set both thine eares to'th busines.

Ser. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Instruments.

Emil. Halfe sights saw
That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd, his riches
And costlines of spirit look't through him, it could
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,
Then humble banckes can goe to law with waters,
That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are: They are coming off:
Alas poore *Palamon*. *Cornets.*

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and
attendants, &c.*

Thes. Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled: Fairest *Emily*,
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
As ever strooke at head: Give me your hands;
Receiue you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that growes, as you decay;
Arcite. Emily.
To buy you, I have lost what's deere'st to me;
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheapely;
As I doe rate your value.

Thes. O loved Sister,
He speakes now of as brave a Knight as ere
Did spur a noble Steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a Bachelour, least his race
Should shew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour
So charmd me, that me thought *Arcides* was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to'th all; I have spoke, your *Arcite*
Did not loose by't: For he that was thus good

M 2

Encountred

Encountred yet his Better, I have heard
 Two emulous Philomels, beate the eare o'th night
 With their contentious throates, now one the higher,
 Anon the other, then againe the first,
 And by and by out breasted, that the sence
 Could not be judge betweene 'em: So it far'd
 Good space betweene these kinsmen; till heavens did
 Make hardly one the winner: weare the Girland
 With joy that you have won: For the subdude,
 Give them our present Iustice, since I know
 Their lives but pinch 'em; Let it here be done:
 The Sceane's not for our seeing, goe we hence,
 Right joyfull, with some sorrow. Arme your prize,
 I know you will not loose her: *Hipolita*
 I see one eye of yours conceives a teare
 The which it will deliver.

Floriss.

Emil. Is this wyning?
 Oh all you heavenly powers where is you mercy?
 But that your wils have saide it must be so,
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
 This miserable Prince, that cuts away
 A life more worthy from him, then all women;
 I should, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pittie
 That fowre such eies should be so fixd on one
 That two must needes be blinde fort.

Thes. So it is. *Exeunt.*
Scena 4. Enter Palamon and his Knightes pynions, taylor,
Executioner &c. Gard.

Ther's many a man alive, that hath out liv'd
 The love o'th people, yea i'th selfesame state
 Stands many a Father with his childe; some comfort
 We have by so considering: we expire
 And not without mens pittie. To live still,
 Have their good wishes, we prevent
 The leathsome misery of age, beguile
 The Gout and Rheume, that in lag howres attend
 For grey approachers; we come towards the gods

Yong

Yong, and unwapper'd not, halting under Crymes
 Many and stale: that sure shall please the gods
 Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,
 For we are more cleare Spirits. My deare kinsmen:
 Whose lives (for this poore comfort) are laid downe,
 You have sould 'em too too cheape.

1. *K.* What ending could be
 Of more content? ore us the victors have
 Fortune, whose title is as momentary,
 As to us death is certaine: A graine of honour
 They not ore-weigh us.

2. *K.* Let us bid farewell;
 And with our patience, anger tottring Fortune,
 Who at her certain't reeles.

3. *K.* Come? who begins?
Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banket, shall
 Taste to you all: ah ha my Friend, my Friend,
 Your gentle daughter gave me freedome once;
 You'l see't done now for ever: pray how do'es she?
 I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
 gave me some sorrow.

Taylor. Sir she's well restor'd,
 And to be marryed shortly.

Pal. By my short life
 I am most glad on't; 'Tis the latest thing
 I shall be glad of, pre'thee tell her so:
 Comend me to her, and to peece her portion
 Tender her this.

1. *K.* Nay lets be offerers all.

2. *K.* Is it a maide?

Pal. Verily I thinke so,
 A right good creature, more to me deserving
 Then I can quight or speake of.

ARK. Cominend us to her. *They give their purses.*

Taylor. The gods requight you all,
 And make her thankfull.

Pal. Adiew; and let my life be now as short,
 As my leave taking.

*Lies on the Blocke.**M 3**1. K.*

1. K. Leade couragious Cofin.

1. 2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noise within crying, run, save hold:

Enter in hast a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a cursed hast you made
If you have done so quickly: noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.

Pal. Can that be,

When *Venus* I have said is false? How doe things fare?

Pir. Arise great Sir, and give the tydings care
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

Pal. What

Hath wakt us from our dreame?

Pir. Lift then: your Cofin

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*

Did first bestow on him, a blacke one, owing

Not a hayre worth of white, which some will say

Weakens his price, and many will not buy

His goodnesse with this note: Which superstition

Heere findes allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*

Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*

Did rather tell, then trample; for the horse

Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting

The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Musicke

His owne hooves made; (for as they say from iron

Came Musickes origen) what envious Flint,

Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him posselt

With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke

Or what seirce sulphur else, to this end made,

I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire

Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what disorder

His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,

Forgets schoole dooing, being therein traird,

And of kind mannaadge, pig-like he whines

At

At the sharpe Rowell, which he feats at rather
Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes
Of boystrous and rough Iadrie, to dis-seate
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,
When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffring
Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, but that (plunges
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hooves

on end he stands

That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head

Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victorios wreath

Even then fell off his head: and presently

Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze

Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he living,

But such a vessell tis, that floates but for

The surge that next approaches: he much desires

To have some speech with you: Loe he appeares.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance

The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,

Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:

Give me thy last words, I am *Palamon*,

One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*

And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,

Farewell: I have told my last houre; I was false,

Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cofin:

One kisse from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:

Take her: I die,

Pal. Thy brave soule seeke *Elixium*.

(thee,

Emil. Ile close thine eyes Prince; blessed soules be with

Thou art a right good man, and while I live,

This day I give to teares.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought: ev'n very here

I sundred you, acknowledge to the gods

Our thanks that you are living:

His part is playd, and though it were too short

He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The

The blissefull dew of heaven do's arowze you.
The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*
Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have shew'd due justice: Beare this hence.

Pal. O Cosen,
That we should things desire, which doe cost us
The losse of our desire; That nought could buy
Deare love, but losse of deare love.

Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler Game: The conquer'd triumphes,
The victor has the Losse: yet in the passage,
The gods have beene most equall: *Palamon*,
Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th Lady
Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancie: He restord her
As your stolne Iewell, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;
And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two
Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto
The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end
The visages of Bridegroomes weele put on
And smile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,
But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,
As glad of *Arcite*; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,
What things you make of us? For what we lacke
We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankfull
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question: Let's goe off,
And beare us like the time;

Floris. *Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

EPILOGVE.

I Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot say,
I am cruell fearefull: pray yet stay a while,
And let me looke upon ye: No man smile?
Then it goes hard I see; He that has
Lov'd a yong handsome wench then, show his face:
Tis strange if none be heere, and if he will
Against his Conscience let him hisse, and kill
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I see to stay yee,
Have at the worst can come, then; Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For tis no other) any way content ye)
(For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

Floris.

FINIS.

N

EPITOMAE

Epitome of the works of the learned
John Selden, Esq. in the
law, history, and antiquities of
Great Britain. By John Selden.
The first part contains the
origin and progress of the
law, from the times of the
Romans to the present age.
The second part contains the
origin and progress of the
history, from the times of the
Romans to the present age.
The third part contains the
origin and progress of the
antiquities, from the times of the
Romans to the present age.


FINIS

FINIS

AMORVM
TROILI
ET
CRESEIDÆ

Libri duo priores
Anglico-Latini.

Lat. by J. S. Selden.



OXONIAE,
Excudebat Iohannes Lichfield.
Anno Domini
1635.